

**Damn Near
Hopeless
***UNFINISHED
AND**

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Damn Near Hopeless *UNFINISHED AND
DISCONTINUED*** by thenewnationalanthem
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Summary:

Richie isn't going to give up on Eddie that easily.

1. Chapter 1

College was supposed to be a fun experience, right?

So why in the *hell* was Richie on the verge of skipping every class he has and smoking an entire pack of cigarettes until he passes out?

Well, let's see.

His roommate, his best friend and crush since age 13, had begun to get...strange.

He'd seen stranger things in his life, but nothing could have prepared him for this.

Eddie had begun to take up photography, or...whatever you could call taking random photos of abstract things around their school yard. Let's go with photography.

So, since Eddie had become a *photographer*, he was beginning to get a bit pretentious. He got new friends, a new, albeit *cute* look, and an entirely new personality.

Don't get Richie wrong, Eddie still had his hypochondriac moments where everything around him may as well be sewer water, but still. He'd change.

Richie really, *really* hated this change. How are you supposed to convince a guy that he's been in love with you for years if he's never even around to talk to?

And that is exactly why Richie had devised a plan. He would get his *own* new persona, see how Eddie liked it.

A taste of his own medicine is probably the most ironic saying he could use here.

So Richie decided that he would join cooking club. They met on Thursdays at 6pm, way after his classes had ended so it fit his schedule, and the people in the club were really, *really* nice.

They were mostly girls, but, Richie wasn't complaining there.

Only a couple weeks into joining the new club, and Eddie began to notice, and it made Richie *extremely* happy to see he still had *some*

interest in him.

"Where have you been?" Eddie asked one night, sitting on his bed as Richie walks through the door.

"Cooking your mother dinner." He replies swiftly, setting his bag down and bouncing on the bed across from Eddie, which he barely fit on because puberty had been *very* generous to him.

"No, seriously. You're never here anymore. I was starting to like...miss you and shit." He says shyly, and Richie trades his blush for a shit eating grin.

"Awww, you got a crush on me or somethin' Eddie Spaghetti??" He teases, leaning forward to pinch his cheeks playfully before being slapped away.

"Shut the *hell* up, Trashmouth."

"That's not fair! I don't even fucking curse as much! I-I mean, I don't even cuss anymore!!!" He corrects, and Eddie just scoffs at him.

"Are you gonna tell me where you've been, or do I need to snoop around next time you disappear?"

"Okay, okay sweetheart, no need to be jealous I ain't sneakin' around, okay?" He says in his best New Yorkian accent, switching beds and throwing his arm around Eddie. "I just took up a new club."

"Really? Which one?"

"Home Ec! Or...cooking, I guess." He says thoughtfully, staring forward.

"Hm. That sounds really cool. Got any good recipes for microwave delicatessen?"

"Does that include Ramen? I make *killer* Ramen."

"Is it killer because it *may* or may not kill me if I eat it?"

Richie opened his mouth to rebut, but instead he just laughed and stood up, heading towards their makeshift kitchen. Eddie followed suit, positioning himself comfortably in a beanbag chair. "So, I have a

proposition."

"Isn't it too early for that? I haven't even divorced your mom yet."

Eddie reached out his leg to kick a chuckling Richie, sighing fondly.
"Not a *proposal*, a proposition."

"I'm pretty sure those words--"

"Richie shut the fuck up!"

"Okay! Okay, geesh, relax. What's up?"

"My photography club is going on a little trip and I wanted to know if you wanted to come with me! We are allowed to bring one guest, and I'm gonna need to ride *someone's* back when they want us to get in the water and take photos."

"You've gotten into lake water before." He says in a thought.

"Don't remind me. That's yet *another* thing *you* talked me into."

"I know, I'm really good with my mouth, aren't I?"

"It's amazing how disgusting a human being can truly be."

Richie laughs, holding up some dip and chips. "But I have foood!!!
But anyways, I can't go."

"What? Why?"

"Didn't you hear me when I said I had cooking club?" Richie asks, licking his finger and pushing it towards Eddie's ear only to be pushed away."

"Ewwww! What the fuck???"

"I was gonna clean your ear, just hold still--"

"Get that disgusting hand away from me!!!" Eddie shouts, backing

away from him with a frown.

Richie laughs, turning back to the microwave. "Tell you what. If you agree to go wherever I want, I'll go."

"That sounds like a trap."

"It definitely is."

"I'll think about, Rich."

"You have 48 hours." He says in a Russian accent, and Eddie leaves the room to the sound of Richie laughing.

2. Chapter 2

"So I thought about it, and my answer is yes."

Richie swished the water in his mouth and spit it out, smiling as he looks at Eddie through the mirror. "Meeting my demands, Eds?"

"Don't fucking call me that. And yes, I am meeting your demands. It's only two days anyways."

"Two days of fun!" He screeches, spinning around to meet Eddie's eyes. "Where are we going?"

"California."

"Holy fuck, really???"

"Yeah, this year's theme is underwater, so, the beach it is."

"Ugh, please don't start to bore me with your photographic mumbo-jumbo."

"It's not mumbo-jumbo, it's--"

"Art, I get it. Don't you have a class to get to?"

"Actually, it's cancelled. I was thinking that since you're not going to class anyways, we should go to the store and get stuff for the trip."

"How do you know I'm not going to class?" Richie asks, walking past him to the main room.

"You have on no shirt and pajama bottoms and it's 8:59."

"So?"

"Your class starts at 9am."

"Do you stalk me, Eddie?"

"In your dreams."

Richie shrugs, grinning. "Maybe."

Eddie rolls his eyes, throwing his head back in annoyance. "Why are you my roommate? Why did I let this happen?"

"Because you love me! Even if you don't, I still have your mom on speed dial."

"Please go away."

"But you told me to come with you! Just, let me put on a shirt and I'll be ready spaghetti!"

"Do you just love spaghetti or something?"

Richie was going to say something, but he decided against it, and for the first time in awhile, he just stayed...silent.

Did he love Eddie Spaghetti?

Maybe so.

Oh well.

At least he knew Eddie was in love with him too.

He threw on a shirt and grabbed his keys, holding them in the air.
"To the store!"

"Okay..." Eddie says cautiously, wondering what the hell could make Richard Tozier blank out.

3. Chapter 3

Summary for the Chapter:

Eddie is confused as to why Richie is being so polite.

Notes for the Chapter:

Just a cute mini chapter!

How are you guys liking this story?

It was amazing, the self control Richie had.

On one hand, he really wanted to make good jokes every time they went down an aisle, but he knew that wouldn't go over very well with Eddie.

Instead, he patiently waited for Eddie to give him instructions and direction, which...seemed to bother Eddie even more.

"Why are you acting like that?"

"Like what, Eddie Spaghetti?"

"You haven't made a your mom joke once, and you're not being annoying. Are you sick?" He gasps, taking a step back from Richie and making him laugh.

"Glad to see you're still the germophobe I know and love. No, just, a

change of pace. I'm like 19 years old, Eds--"

"Don't call me that--"

"I've gotta grow out of my habits."

"Is calling me Eds not a habit?" He asks, throwing two bottles of sunscreen into the cart.

"I'd say it's more of a hobby, like when I fu--"

"Aaaand, we're back." Eddie cuts him off, but Richie doesn't miss the small grin that accompanies it.

4. Chapter 4

Summary for the Chapter:

Richie sees Eddie spending time with someone else.

Richie really didn't want to be someone who got jealous.

It was beneath him, he was so much better than that.

That was, until he saw some other freshman all over Eddie.

His Eddie, that he saved from that crazy ass...whatever from their younger years.

And here was this guy, who probably knew nothing about him, laughing at one of his jokes and sitting so close wind can't even get between them.

It made Richie's blood boil, which made him make a fairly...poor decision.

But who cares.

Eddie should be used to Richie making impulse decisions.

He told himself that he wouldn't actually speak, he'd just eavesdrop.

He was just going to eavesdrop, he was just going to eavesdrop, he was just going to-- "Hey Eddie! Who's your new friend?"

Well. He tried.

Eddie swung around with a furrow in his brow, glaring at Richie. "This is...Cameron. Aren't you supposed to be in class?"

"Why do you keep asking me that?"

"Because...you're supposed to be in class?"

"So are you, Eds." Richie beams, and Eddie checks his watch with a gasp.

"Shit! You're right! I gotta go, um, see you later Cam?"

The guy nods, and Richie pushes his glasses up on his face. "Bye Eddie Spaghetti!"

"Goodbye Richie." He says begrudgingly, but that was just their dynamic. They would be okay later.

Instead of going to class, Richie plopped right down next to Cameron and smiled, leaning over into his journal. "Whatcha doin'?"

"Captioning my photographs." He replies, nonplussed.

"Ah, so you're a photographer too? That's really cool. You know, Richie hasn't always been a photographer. In fact, he just go into it this semester. It's kind of crazy, really, because he's never really shown an interest in--"

"Listen dude, I get it, you're jealous. But I don't have any interest in your friend."

And...well who was this asshole to tell him what he's feeling? Richie laughs, loud and boisterous, because now he's uncomfortable.

"Jealous? Me? No fucking way dude."

"Mmhm, whatever you say man. You know, my major isn't photography."

"Oh? What is it then?"

"Criminal Psychology."

"You're telling me this because...?"

He looks up, green eyes shining, and fuck this guy because he was very attractive.

Aesthetically, not specifically to Richie.

"I know when someone is lying." He grins with all teeth, then he shuts his journal and stands up, motioning in front of them to a short, african american girl with short blue hair. "By the way, that's my girlfriend. Have a nice day, dude." He laughs, and Richie pouts, wanting to say something, but once again, he's at a loss for words.

Did he mention he hates college?